

The Times-Dispatch
DAILY-WEEKLY-SUNDAY.
Business Office: 110 E. Main Street.
Washington Bureau: 2267 Munsey Building.
New York Bureau: 1102 Hill Street.
Chicago Bureau: 40 N. Dearborn St.
St. Louis Bureau: 215 Eighth St.
By Mail: One Six Three One
Postage Paid: Year. Mos. Mos. Mos.
Daily with Sunday: \$6.00 \$3.00 \$1.50
Daily without Sunday: 4.00 2.00 1.00
Sunday edition only: 2.00 1.00 .50
Weekly (Wednesday): 1.00 .50 .25
By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond and suburbs, Manchester and Petersburg.
One Week One Year.
Daily with Sunday: 14 cents \$6.50
Daily without Sunday: 10 cents 4.50
Sunday only: 6 cents 2.50
(Yearly subscriptions payable in advance.)
Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.
Persons wishing to communicate with The Times-Dispatch by telephone will ask central for "4041," and on being answered from the office switchboard, will indicate the department or person with whom they wish to speak.
When calling between 6 A. M. and 9 A. M., call to central office direct for 4041, connecting-room; 1042, business office; 4043, for mailing and press-rooms.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1907.

IF YOU WOULD HAVE A FAITH, PUT UNDER A SOLID EARTH, AND OVERARCH IT WITH AN INFINITE HEAVEN, STAND FIRM ON ONE, AND LOOK STEADFASTLY INTO THE OTHER.—Theodore T. Munger.

NO SEATS NO FARE?
We see that some undisclosed member of the Common Council has requested City Attorney Pollard to prepare an ordinance to be introduced at the next meeting providing that passengers on street cars of Richmond shall not be required to pay fare unless seats are supplied.
We most earnestly hope that no such thing will be done. Such a rule is no doubt proper for different modes of transportation than the street cars of the United States. For stage coaches the rule is absolutely right. For steam trains and long distances it is also right, but for the purposes for which street cars are ordinarily used its enforcement would work the greatest wrong to the public, not to mention the street car companies. Will any man who wants to hurry home in the evening, but who has to wait in the rain at a corner for a street car, and see it pass regardless of his signals, though it may plainly have ample room for him to stand, and leave him in the wet, simply because the railroad has been forbidden to take a passenger without giving him a seat, please say what he thinks of this proposition? There is no telling how many full cars may pass or how long people may have to wait before they can get a seat on crowded cars. If there is any such rule enforced as that proposed anywhere in the United States, we don't know it. It is a delusive proposition, and certainly does not seem to contemplate the greatest comfort of the public, who would almost unanimously resent the enforcement of a rule that would involve them in so much annoyance, inconvenience and exasperation.

TWO BOND ISSUES.
In connection with President Roosevelt's proposal to issue bonds in time of peace to relieve the financial strain, it is recalled that President Cleveland in his last administration made large issues of bonds and sold them for gold, and was bitterly denounced for so doing. But it is never to be forgotten that then, as now, the issuance of bonds was forced by a situation for which the Republican party was directly responsible.
Under the Sherman law of July 14, 1890, the government was required to purchase monthly 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion, and issue in payment treasury notes redeemable on demand in gold or silver coin, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury; and said notes might be released when so redeemed. This system went on from month to month and from year to year, until the country was flooded with treasury notes, which were a constant drain upon our gold reserves. The situation became so grave that in August, 1893, President Cleveland called Congress together in extra session, and the Sherman law was repealed. But the mischief had already been done. The treasury notes were out—\$147,000,000 of them—and they had to be redeemed and released. This constituted what was called at the time "the endless chain," and our gold reserves were continuously depleted. More than \$172,000,000 in gold was withdrawn from the public treasury in a single year for the purpose of shipment abroad or for hoarding at home.

What was Mr. Cleveland to do? There were two alternatives. The one was to redeem the treasury notes in silver; the other to issue bonds and sell them for gold. He issued bonds, replenished the reserves with the proceeds and preserved the credit of the country. And in so doing he performed a service for which the country should ever be grateful. It required backbone to do it, but Cleveland's backbone was equal to every strain, and it did not fail him in this emergency. Time soon brought his complete vindication.
What is the present occasion for the issuance of bonds? The gold reserves are the largest ever known, and no effort is making to deplete them. The government has \$250,000,000 at its call, and its reserves are more than ample to meet all its demands. The Republican party has been in power for ten years, and its protective tariff and other "prosperity measures" are in full swing. Yet a large bond issue is announced to relieve the financial strain. And to what is the financial strain due? In large part to the failure of the Republican party to provide

an adequate currency system, and President Roosevelt confessed judgment when he said the other day that the Congress soon to convene would pass a bill which would "meet in permanent fashion the demands of the situation."
But why was not such a bill passed long ago? Why did the Republican party wait for a "situation"? Why did the Republican party, by its negligence, force a situation that demanded the issuance of bonds in a time of peace? These are questions which the party will be called upon to answer when its candidates go before the voters next year and ask for another lease of power.

ATTENTION, VOTERS!
Large numbers of men who never voted before in this city are having themselves listed and paying their poll taxes, in order that they may vote in the next municipal election. We do not make charges for we have no proof, but the indications are that these voters are being qualified for a purpose, and the general public should be on guard.
It is time for all good citizens to bestir themselves and pay their poll taxes. There are many young men in stores, in banks, in offices, in factories and in various situations who are apt to neglect this duty unless they are reminded. We beg their elders to jog their memory and urge them to qualify.
The election next June will be most important. We are to elect a Council and various city officials, and we should be ready for any emergency that may arise. Richmond appeals to all good citizens to get ready. Poll taxes should be paid at once.


PREACHERS' PAY.
Rev. Dr. Joseph W. Cochran, of the Presbyterian Church, recently made some investigations into the salaries of ministers of his church through the South and the Northwest. He found that they were greatly underpaid. This will surprise no one. The same condition is known to prevail in all branches of the Christian church. The case of a Minnesota minister, among those reported by Dr. Cochran, is illustrative. This person ministered to three churches, two of which were eighteen miles apart. Both of them had to be looked after every Sunday. So long a walk was a rather wearying preliminary to pastoral duties, but his salary, \$25 a month, did not permit of conveyances. Finally, however, he bought a horse. The horse cost \$100, and was to be paid for at the rate of \$10 a month. At the end of the second month the animal died from overwork, leaving the minister once more on foot and with eight payments still before him. Meanwhile, he was left with \$15 a month, \$3 of which went for rent, on which to support his family. These facts and others are duly detailed in the report published in the Philadelphia Record.
This case is not unique. It is not confined to the Presbyterian Church. It is not confined to Minnesota. Something very much like it can be found in almost any thinly-settled country district. Any negro constable can earn his \$150 a day. Any skilled mechanic can earn his \$2. Many of them make \$5. Yet a minister, who has spent ten years educating and equipping himself and who is supposed to be doing work peculiarly vital to his fellow men, gets only \$1 a day, and not infrequently has to dun his vestry for that.

THE WORST FEATURE OF THE SITUATION is that it appears to be, to a large extent, incurable. It is all very well to say: "Preachers must get more!" How if there is no more for them to get? If ambassadors of the church laudably push into communities where \$25 a month is the very most the scant population can manage, and that only at a pinch—what is to be done about it? Doesn't it appear that either \$25 communities must not have the gospel preached to them, or else those who preach it must courageously resolve to make shift on the pittance which is such communities' utmost? In the apparent absence of any third alternative, the latter, fortunately for the country, is what many good and brave men are resolutely contriving to do.

A Texas nigger caught twenty-six possums in one night recently and refused to take any more because he had no more room in his cart.—Houston Post.
A North Alabama man named Bill Broadway, living near the town of Scottsboro, caught forty-three fat possums in one night recently and we can prove it.—Montgomery Advertiser.
The reprint these innocent vaunts merely for the amusement of the happy newspaper readers of Old Virginia. It is well known to most of them that old Bill Skillett, of Henrico county, the champion dark-of-the-moon huntsman of America, caught ninety-seven magnificent Virginia possums every night in season, which he ships, each morning following, to his exiled relatives in Texas and Alabama.
"Boston is rather a state of mind than a geographical designation," reluctantly concedes the City Editor of the Boston Herald. Judging from our contemporary's recent remarks concerning the Massachusetts pie, we should say that Boston was rather a misstate of mind.
At breakfast, says the excessively cheerful Baltimore American, "the family should feed first on sunny smiles, hopeful words and morning kisses." We knew it would be only a question of time before the price of breakfast began to affect people's heads.

That French scientist who has just perfected a camera for taking colored photographs would do the popular thing by now inviting Professor Booker Washington to sit for a few test pictures.
The very campaign cigars of historic Richmond are superior to the smokes of the makers of great wealth in upstart Houston, Tex.
A Chicago lawyer was robbed the other day while arguing a case in court. As a usual thing, the boot is on the other leg.
One sin in eighty is found out, says General Booth. Moreover, it is always the wrong one.
Financially speaking, George of Greece is the poorest king in Europe. In almost other aspects of poorness, George is hardly deuce high with Peter of Servia.

THE DECEIT OF APPEARANCES.
The world is still deceived with ornament. In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt, But, being seasoned with a gracious voice, Obscures the show of evil? In religion, What damned error, but some sober brow Will bless it, and approve it with a text, Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? There is no vice so simple yet so bold, So marked of virtue on its outward parts, How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false As stars of sand, wear yet upon their chins The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars; Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk; And yet their stout avowals expound to us The honours of the world, the state, the gait, To render them redoubted. Look on beauty, And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight; Which therein works a miracle in nature, Making them lightest that wear most of it; So are those crisped snaky golden locks, Which make such wanton gambols with the wind, Upon supposed fairness, often known To be the dowry of a second head, The skull that bred them in the sepulchre. Thus ornament is but the guiled shore, To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, The seeming truth that cunning lines put on To entrap the wisest.

Rhymes for To-Day.
IT WINS EVERY TIME.

[Gloomily coinciding with S. E. Kiser's "Schopenhauerish Poem," in the Chicago Record-Herald.]
YOU can talk of Faithful Effort, You can talk of Good Hard Sense, You can talk about the Harm of Doing Wrong, You can law about the Beauty of a Perfect Sense of Duty— But you'll only need a Gall to get along.
You can chat of Honest Service, you can moralize of Worth, You can chin about the Battle of the Strong, You can cheer for Deep Ambition till you money to perdition— But you'll only need a Gall to get along.
One can cant of Soon-to-Bedward, one can chant of Soon-to-Rise, One can pipe of Merit-Gets-There in the end of the Song.
One can drive one can snivel, of the Evil of the Devil— But one only needs a Gall to get along.
What's the use of Steady Plodding, what's the use of Skill and Brains? What's the use of dreading Satan and his prong? What's the use of useless labor, prithoe tell me, Kiser, neighbor, When you only need a Gall to get along?—H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.
In Yellow Journalism, "Man to see you." "What does he want?" "Wants you to take back something which was printed in yesterday's paper." "Tell him it will not be necessary for him to come in; we never got it, but everything we printed yesterday."—November Smart Set.
Not Water for Him.
"Is Weary Hagglies in de hospital?" "Yep." "De doctors say it's water on de brain." "We's dat! Water on Weary's brain! Say, he must have left his hat off when 'twas raining—he never got it, no odder way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Muscle 31.
Professor—But I told you to write this song in two flats.
Freshman—Yes, sir, I did; I wrote half of it in one flat and half in the Jones's.—Harvard Lampoon.
Some for Tommy.
Hostess—Mr. Smith, may I help you to another pie?
Guest—No, no, thank you, Mrs. Jones; I really could not take any more.
Little Willie—Then, ma, you said I could have another pie. If Mr. Smith left enough.—Philadelphia Inquirer.
The Milkman's Song.
Five pints of milk To bring in society The milkman's daughter.—November Bohemian.
She Never Tired That.
"She has wonderful control of her voice." "Yes, she can do everything with it but stop it."—Houston Post.
On the Anxious Bench.
"You seem very nervous and restless this morning," said the senior partner.
"Yes," replied Markley, the junior partner, "you see, I asked Borroughs to drop the case and pay me what he owes me." "And you're afraid he won't come, eh?" "I'm afraid he will come and borrow more."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

JOLLY JABS AT JAMESTOWN.
JAPAN is to have an international exposition in 1912. With the example of Jamestown before them, the Japanese are determined to maintain their reputation for fearlessness.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.
Japan has decided to have an exposition instead of a war, but remembering Jamestown troubles, we opine that she may have both in one.—Nashville Tennessean.
The directors of the Jamestown Exposition now know how Captain John Smith felt when he was about to get it in the neck on that historic site—Atlanta Constitution.
The Jamestown Exposition is rapidly proving that expositions are not dead. The present theories are taking their place.—Rochester Herald.
The Jamestown Exposition should start up a scrip mill and get out of debt.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

FIRE IN BUCHANAN.
New Fire Apparatus Saved Town from Destruction.
[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
BUCHANAN, Va., November 19.—A fire which threatened to destroy the entire business portion of the town occurred here last night at 11:50 o'clock, when the storehouse occupied by S. Richardson was discovered to be in flames.
The new fire apparatus installed last year was used for the first time and proved invaluable. The citizens worked heroically and succeeded in confining the flames to the building in which the fire originated. The building, which was totally destroyed, was owned by W. H. Carter, of Roanoke.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW
Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.
No. 1320.
The Deceit of Appearances.
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
The world is still deceived with ornament. In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt, But, being seasoned with a gracious voice, Obscures the show of evil? In religion, What damned error, but some sober brow Will bless it, and approve it with a text, Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? There is no vice so simple yet so bold, So marked of virtue on its outward parts, How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false As stars of sand, wear yet upon their chins The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars; Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk; And yet their stout avowals expound to us The honours of the world, the state, the gait, To render them redoubted. Look on beauty, And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight; Which therein works a miracle in nature, Making them lightest that wear most of it; So are those crisped snaky golden locks, Which make such wanton gambols with the wind, Upon supposed fairness, often known To be the dowry of a second head, The skull that bred them in the sepulchre. Thus ornament is but the guiled shore, To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, The seeming truth that cunning lines put on To entrap the wisest.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch October 11, 1903.

The White Indian
A white Indian is a sick Indian. When the Indians first saw a white man they were sure he was sick. White skin—sick man was their argument. "Pale-face" is the name they gave us.
Pale faces can be cured. When blood is properly fed the face glows with health.
Scott's Emulsion
Is a rich blood food. It gives new power to the bone marrow from which the red blood springs. : : :
All Druggists: 50c. and \$1.00.


QUESTION OF TAXES ON SOLVENT CREDITS
Case Argued in North Carolina Supreme Court Involving Important Principle.
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
RALEIGH, N. C., November 19.—An appeal heard to-day by the Supreme Court involved the important question of the liability of corporations in this State to taxation by commissioners on solvent credits. It was the case of the Caldwell Land and Lumber Company vs. J. M. Smith, sheriff of Caldwell county. The Lumber Company held a mortgage of \$147,000 on timber lands the company had sold to other parties and did not give in the mortgage as solvent credits for taxation. The county commissioners assessed the tax against the company and added the twenty-five per cent. fine in addition, directing the sheriff to levy on the company's property for the full amount. The company, in turn, procured a restraining order to prevent the sheriff from collecting, and it is on this issue that the case comes to the Supreme Court. The ruling of the court as to the liability of corporations to taxation on such mortgage holdings will be watched with interest. It is interesting to note that Robert C. Ogden, the distinguished member of the Southern Education Board, is one of the directors of the company. The tax which Caldwell county seeks to collect from the company aggregates, with the fine, about \$7,600.

The Moser Drug Company, of High Point, receives a charter for conducting a general drug business, the capital being \$25,000 authorized, and \$1,000 subscribed, by J. S. Moser, E. M. Armfield and George T. Penny.
State Auditor B. F. Dixon has returned from Columbus, Ohio, where he attended the meeting of State auditors and tax commissioners which, during the past week, organized the North American Tax Association. Thirty-eight States and the Dominion of Canada were represented.
Governor B. B. Issues commissions to game wardens under the State Audubon law to J. J. Ayldette, Z. T. Fentress, Currituck; C. N. Swan, Southampton; R. H. Hastings, Winston-Salem; J. E. Turner, Taylorsville; R. H. Priddy, Danbury; G. H. Holmes, Lexington.
The mayor of Washington, D. C., where he is to deliver an address before the International Young Men's Christian Association convention in session there, Ambassador Bryce, of Great Britain, is expected to attend the convention on the same evening—Friday.

MURDERED IN MEXICO
Son of General W. R. Boggs Killed at Topin Mines.
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
INSTANT SALEM, N. C., November 19.—General W. R. Boggs, Sr., of this city, to-day received a telegram from the Topin Mining Company, Topin, N. C., stating that his eldest son, W. R. Boggs, Jr., had been murdered, and asking what disposition should be made of the body. Telegrams were forwarded to-day, in accordance with instructions, directing that the remains be shipped to Winston-Salem by the shortest route. The deceased was superintendent for the mining company about fourteen years, but resigned a few years ago. He spent the past summer here, with his aged father, leaving about the 1st of August for Mexico, to accept the same position held by him for so many years.

ARE HOLDING THEIR COTTON.
North Carolina Growers Carrying Out Association Plan.
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
RALEIGH, N. C., November 19.—President C. C. Moore, of the North Carolina Cotton Growers' Association, spent several hours in the city to-day and expressed gratification at the evidence that the growers are holding their cotton for gradual marketing under the general plan of the association. He expressed confidence in the financial strength of the South, and of the whole country for that matter.


ARRESTED MURDERER
Negro Was Attempting to Escape on Railroad Train.
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
SALISBURY, N. C., November 19.—Officers here to-day arrested Lon Ostrander, a burly negro, on a north-bound passenger train, as he was attempting to escape from Charlotte, where he killed Robert Johnson yesterday. He admitted the killing, but claims he acted in self-defense.

AN ALDERMAN'S VOTE MAY STOP ELECTION
Raleigh Prohibitionists Stirred Up by Refusal of Mr. Upchurch to Give Consent.
MAY BECOME LEGAL MATTER

J. SHERWOOD UPCHURCH, Raleigh Alderman, who has precipitated a situation by holding up the preparations by the board for the prohibition-dispersary election by refusing unanimous consent for election machinery to be prepared.
RALEIGH, N. C., November 19.—Will there or will there not be an election in Raleigh December 28th on the "prohibition" or "dispensary" is the latest question that this city has confronted in a great while. The whole matter has taken a sensational turn in that instead of details for the election machinery being prepared and promulgated last night by the aldermen that body, during a long, drawn out session, finally just before adjournment allowed motions for further action to be withdrawn, so that the whole matter of holding the election, although ordered at a previous meeting, was left in abeyance because of the refusal of one alderman, J. Sherwood Upchurch, to concede unanimous consent for a dispensary of the parties governing the board, so that the aldermen could proceed with the adoption of the machinery to regulate the election.


The prohibition advocates criticize the action of Alderman Upchurch for using this technical advantage over the prohibitionists. They say that the petition for the election and personally, as chairman of a special committee for the purpose, pronounced the petition a complete compliance with the law, and even going farther and voting with the other members of the board at the last meeting to call the election for December 28th.

The Alderman's Reasons.
Alderman Upchurch gives as his reason for this course that he wants "fair play" in that it comes to him that quite a number of the signers of that petition for the election now want to withdraw their names.
So he demands that the whole matter be left over until Friday night, when opportunity can be given both for withdrawing and adding names to the petition. As was done when a previous petition was passed upon by the board. This was bitterly opposed by A. B. Brantley, the Rev. S. B. Betts and other temperance advocates present, they demanding that the preparation of the machinery for the election be proceeded with or the whole movement abandoned, so that the responsibility for the defeat could be left on the shoulders of Alderman Upchurch. This official assured them in bitter terms that he was willing and, indeed, anxious to bear this burden, which was considered would receive the full approval of his constituents. The discussion assumed a right acute stage, but was held within bounds by the rulings of Mayor Johnson, who presided.

May Take Legal Turn.
Council for Prohibitionists say tonight that there is every indication that the Aldermen will meet again to-morrow and pass the ordinance by a majority vote on the ground that the election being already ordered, and the State and not municipal laws applying, the city regulation for "unanimous consent" in passing an ordinance at a special meeting does not apply.
Alderman Upchurch and his supporters are not prepared to concede that there is sure to be a legal tie, whichever way the Aldermen act. The machinery ordinance must be promulgated thirty days before the election, and the fight now is to stay off action so there can be no election this year.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of 
Miss Walsh was a hand-featured, black-haired young woman, aged thirty-three, in the middle house, on Selkirk's. For a long time she had been making ready for the campaign, preparing lists of Selkirk's customers and correspondents, obtaining all sorts of secret intelligence as to credits, trade discounts, etc. She was on an excellent footing with many representatives of the wholesale houses, and her confidence and esteem of two of Selkirk's buyers—had walked out with one important member of the staff for eighteen months and pumped him dry of information. She was ready now.
"I don't want no more delay. I want to open before the summer's over," and with growing excitement she talked to her friend, "I want you, Jessie, to be in it. I need you along with me—I only for your appearance. I'm getting passy—I need a young partner."
"Fall! Why should we fall? Given the proper situation, we shall never look behind us," and she described her views, poured out her trade philosophy.
"It's time we'd bank on, Jessie," the chic style. Old Selkirk's, of course, have the regular maxims—small profits and big returns—quick turn-over—and all the rest of it. Our policy will be just the reverse. Few customers—few we can't have for a many—but let them be the pick of the basket, and we'll knock sky-high profits out of 'em."
"Consider those Hill Rise girls alone. Suppose you catch one, you catch whole boiling. I count them at twenty-five

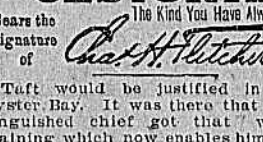

Sparkling Beauty.
Perfect facades, symmetrical shapes, purity of color, flawlessness—these are the characteristics of
Diamonds
bought of D. Buchanan & Son who have made a lifetime study of gems.
We never buy a pig in a bag, and we don't ask our customers to do so. We know what we buy and we know what we sell.
SOME EXCEPTIONAL CHANGES IN DIAMONDS FOR QUICK PURCHASE.
SILVER NOVELTIES, JEWELRY, CUT GLASS.
D. Buchanan & Son
Jewelers.
TWO STORES:
111 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.
124 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.

Stopping
CHECK your speed with your heel and the strain is enough to rip sole and heel from a poorly made shoe.
Wear Crossetts for skating. Mighty comfortable, and made so well that they answer perfectly for a sport so vigorous that you thought it would force you to buy special shoes.

CROSSETT SHOE
"Makes Life's Walk Easy"
\$4.00 BENCH MADE \$5.00
Call on our agent in your city, or write us
LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc., No. Abington, Mass.

HILL RISE
By W. B. MAXWELL,
Author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Guarded Flame," Etc.
Copyright, 1907, by W. B. Maxwell. All Rights Reserved.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)
"Then, Jack, for heaven's sake, don't go and buy some lovely, costly thing which I might never have the chance of wearing—to show it off properly—but get me the money instead."
"Oh! The money instead?"
"Yes. I do want it so bad—and I'll come in the nick of time. At this minute a hundred and fifty would be the making of me."
"My dear Jessie!" His hand had gone toward his breast pocket, but now he drew it back. "Jessie—you take my breath away. I'm afraid—I really am afraid—"
"I suppose you meant to flick it, Jack—and not pay ready. But can't you manage it? I want it that bad—and you're the only person I can turn to—"
"My dear Jessie! One-fifty! Frankly—you have opened your pretty mouth so much wider than I expected."
"But you couldn't get what you've described for much less?"
"Couldn't? That's all you know." "A hundred? Jack, you did mean to give me a hundred?"
"No, my dear Jessie, I'll be hanged if I did."
"Fifty?"
"Yes. Not half fifty."
Then, squeezing the lemon-squasher and leaning forward across the bar, Jessie urgently begged for financial aid. She said: "Do do be a dear and start a show."
"What show?"
"The dressmaking. Jack, I'm sick of this work. It don't suit me, and I don't suit it. Certain sure there'll be an unpleasantness with Emily. She has a down on me, and sooner or later will be hanged out. Do do be a dear and help me. . . . If you haven't got it, you know it is to ask Sir John. . . . He'll be glad to give me a hundred more. . . . I'll bite my Guv'nor's ear for a hundred and fifty than I could try."
"Sell one of your lively horses. The one with the long tail would fetch all that."
"Oh, no, he wouldn't. Besides, the horses belong to the Guv'nor, not to me, or to me, or to me."
Jessie turned her back, leaned her elbow against the beveled mirror, fetched out her handkerchief, and wept or pretended to weep.

"My dear Jessie, don't—don't. Oh, please don't," sobbed Miss Barker. "If you aren't good for even fifty cents at a pinch—I think you've treated me very cruelly."
"What do you mean?" said Jessie, with an indignant flush.
"Oh, nothing," sobbed Miss Barker. "I mean you're a friend with whom the shop was to be started in partnership, was a Miss Walsh. At first Jessie thought nothing of the idea, but gradually she was won round by her with an enthusiasm akin to her own.
"You bring in a hundred and fifty capital, and I shall be share and share alike. You can't say I'm greedy—but I want you, Jessie, and no one else. We were always pals—and you say you hate me, for at the hotel. Well, it's to take or leave, but it's a little gold mine I'm offering you."
"How on earth could I get a hundred?"
"That's your affair, not mine," said Miss Walsh. "But I know I'd get it quick enough if I had your advantage."
"What do you mean?" said Jessie, with an indignant flush.
"Oh, nothing," sobbed Miss Barker. "I mean you're a friend with whom the shop was to be started in partnership, was a Miss Walsh. At first Jessie thought nothing of the idea, but gradually she was won round by her with an enthusiasm akin to her own.
"You bring in a hundred and fifty capital, and I shall be share and share alike. You can't say I'm greedy—but I want you, Jessie, and no one else. We were always pals—and you say you hate me, for at the hotel. Well, it's to take or leave, but it's a little gold mine I'm offering you."
"How on earth could I get a hundred?"
"That's your affair, not mine," said Miss Walsh. "But I know I'd get it quick enough if I had your advantage."
"What do you mean?" said Jessie, with an indignant flush.
"Oh, nothing," sobbed Miss Barker. "I mean you're a friend with whom the shop was to be started in partnership, was a Miss Walsh. At first Jessie thought nothing of the idea, but gradually she was won round by her with an enthusiasm akin to her own.
"You bring in a hundred and fifty capital, and I shall be share and share alike. You can't say I'm greedy—but I want you, Jessie, and no one else. We were always pals—and you say you hate me, for at the hotel. Well, it's to take or leave, but it's a little gold mine I'm offering you."
"How on earth could I get a hundred?"
"That's your affair, not mine," said Miss Walsh. "But I know I'd get it quick enough if I had your advantage."

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of 
That would be justified in having Oyster Bay. It was there that his distinguished chief got that woodpile training which now enables him to dispose of presidential timber with such neatness and dispatch.
CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of 
CHICKERING PIANOS
Lee Fergusson Piano Co.,
110 EAST BROAD—SECOND AND BROAD.

DROPSY Cured! Quick relief! removes all swelling in 8 effects proven in 20 days; 30 to 50 days effects proven in 30 days. Trial treatment given free to sufferers; nothing fairer. For circulars, testimonials and free trial treatment write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box M, Atlanta, Ga.